

was afflicted by poisonous fumes.

Searchers at his home found a locked box filled with sufficient incriminating letters which had passed between him and Marie to send both to the guillotine had he lived.

Marie fled from Paris in disguise while the wretched valet, La Chausse, was seized and died under torture. She was traced to a monastery where a police officer disguised as a monk arrested her.

Found guilty and sentenced to die, she showed no fear of her torture and execution. Her one complaint was that her lovely body was to be burned to ashes after being beheaded. "What a waste!" she lamented. But her spirit may have found some small consolation in the fact that the people of Paris, and especially the ladies, fought for her charred bones to keep as relics.

In the ranks of famous females adept at the fine art of poisoning, however, perhaps no name stands

higher than that of Toffana of Palermo, Italy, later of Naples. Her professional services were always available for a sufficient fee. Over six hundred victims, most of them male, are accredited to her, including two popes.

Darkest of her secrets was a "time" poison, which could be so compounded as to operate at any given time, even up to a year, after it was administered. She is said to have taken its secret with her—though her final torturing and confession—and to her death by strangulation.

Her work was to a large degree responsible for the wave of poison phobia which swept like a plague over Europe in the seventeenth century, but no other woman poisoner is known to have duplicated her delayed action poison.

Poisoning reached its peak in Paris during the reign of Louis XIV when the fervid and licentious period provided juicy a motive for such detestable symptoms

*Toffana's 600 victims included a used ass dealer and two popes*



of poisoning were often confused with cholera, and the highly speed food of the period concealed the taste of arsenic.

Such noblemen, fearful for their lives at the hands of females they had treated badly, or professional poisoners hired by female masters, employed food tasters at considerable expense. Often they had occasion to thank their stars they had done so as the tasters dropped dead or died in agony.

Cardinal Richelieu kept a string of cats to sample his suppers. Elegant and elaborate styles of administering poison were evolved; arsenic was dusted in diets, boots and gloves, woven from lace perfumed handkerchiefs, sprinkled from secret compartments in rings. Less dainty but considered more deadly was a mixture of arsenic and crushed putrefying food's or man's testicles.

One was female poisoner of the period confessed to the killing of 2,800 infants. Her name was La Voisin, a madwife-beautician turned abortionist. Lavishly attired in her crime-lined, gold-embroidered scarlet robes, she received bribes, petitions, and court favorites in her front house where she sold her lethal wares and participated in black masses.

Another non-killing female fiend was Krista of Toledo, Spain, who submitted estimates as follows to the Regent's Council in Venice: She required a pension of 1,500 ducats a year for the character of the Regent's Massaietta, an offer which the Council considered very reasonable and accepted at once. Her further estimates were:

For the great Sultan 500 ducats.

For the King of Spain 150 ducats including travelling expenses.

For the Duke of Milan 50 ducats.

For the Marquis of Marina 50 ducats.

For the Pope 100 ducats.

Pope Clement VII is said to have been poisoned by a professional female poisoner who used the fumes of a torch which had been treated with arsenic. The burning torch must have given off arsenic-laced hydrogen gas, which is lethal. It took detective story writers another six hundred years to think up that ingenious method.

Smiling face has often been the reason behind some of the most ghastly. (Continued on page 12)









# *The Sex Power of Hypnosis*

BY FRANK THISTLE

## "There isn't a broad alive who doesn't yearn to be balled in her subconscious mind"

MEN, LIST ME under one thing perfectly clear: if I may borrow a popular phrase from President Nixon, if you're not getting enough of that wonderful stuff (and if you don't know what "stuff" I'm referring to, don't waste your time reading this article) simply switch to hypnosis and you'll have all the joys of your dreams falling down like bowling balls with their legs spread wide apart.

Sound fantastic? Not at all. Like anything else in life, the secret lies in knowing how. Learning the art of hypnosis only takes a little practice. Anyone with normal intelligence can learn hypnosis, and then the real fun begins.

The other night I went to a nightclub and caught

the act of one of the smoothest and most successful hypnotists in the country. He looks like a Greek god and is married to one of Hollywood's leading ladies. During his act he had everyone who volunteered to be hypnotized doing exactly as he ordered.

He had waitresses behaving like sexy strippers and drinking their assets like young teenagers doing the hoochie. Between shows, he invited him over to my table for a drink to pick his brains. Our conversation was quite confidential, so I'll call him Don instead of by his real name.

"Is it really possible to hypnotize a girl to have sexual relations with you?" I inquired.

"Well, I don't know about you," he grinned "but I sure as hell can do it. If I need to, that is, which isn't very often," he added. "Seriously, any professional hypnotist will tell you that you can't hypnotize somebody to make them do something they wouldn't ordinarily do if they weren't under hypnosis. That is fundamentally correct . . . as far as it goes.

"But let's face it. There isn't a broad in the world who doesn't want to be balled, at least in her sub-





## Don't be miffed, get muffed by your dream girl with hypnosis

conscious mind. And when people are under hypnosis their subconscious mind tells them what to do. So the answer to your question is definitely yes."

I asked Don if he'd tell me about some of his sexual conquests through hypnosis. He chuckled.

"Okay," he agreed. "But don't ever tell anybody I told you. It would be bad for my image."

I swore total secrecy, which is why I'm not using his real name.

"I've never had a problem getting all the women I want," Don chuckled. "But occasionally, even a whizzer like me meets a broad who seems to have fire water in her veins. About 10 years ago, for example, when I was 30 and between wives, I met a gal who was a real knockout. I was just dying to get into her pants, but she just wouldn't give in. I tried every technique I could think of. Not working worked. Finally, I decided I'd have to hypnotize my way into her pants. One night,

after a pleasant dinner at her apartment, I got her in a very relaxed mood and then subjected her to my hypnotic spell.

"She was one of the easiest persons I'd ever hypnotized. She went under immediately. I told her she was just dying to have sex relations with me and that she was the most passionate female who ever lived. Then I told her to take her clothes off and we got down to business.

"The experience was simply fantastic. I told her what to do and she did it. It was absolutely marvelous! It was just like making love to a member of both mind and blood. There wasn't anything she wouldn't do. If I told her to do it, I'll admit I felt a little guilty afterwards because I had her do some pretty far-out things.

"But it was a real blast! You simply can't imagine what it's like to make love to a gal under hypnosis unless you've done it. A girl becomes like putty in your

hands and you can hold her to do your bidding any way you choose."

I learned a lot about hypnosis from Don that night and I learned more when I played golf with him the next day. One of the most commonly held opinions about hypnosis is that a person cannot be made to do anything that violates his or her moral or ethical principles. This is true only in a very limited sense, as Don mentioned before. In actuality, a skilled hypnotist can get around almost any kind of inhibition, belief, or principle to reach his ends.

For instance, take the common story in which a prudish girl is made to disclose to public. Let's say she's a teenage girl with strict inner prohibitions against nudity. She does low cut dresses, never wears string bathing suits, and always draws her skirts at night before getting undressed.

This is a completely ridiculous example, of course. Such an uptight girl couldn't possibly exist in the world today! But to continue on with the point we are making:

If a hypnotist put this girl in a trance and said, "I want you to take off your clothes now," the reaction would be strange. Trance is no trance, her inhibitions would operate. She would still be aware that she was in the presence of other people—at least the hypnotist, and perhaps many others of both sexes—and when the hypnotist puts such a suggestion to her, she will either break the trance or else go into hysterics. She is faced with an insurmountable conflict between the command of the hypnotist and the demands of her inner taboos.

But a subtle hypnotist can go about it this way: "You are all alone in the privacy of your home. It's a hot day, and you've just had a long walk in the sun. You're all pumped! What you want to do most of all is take your clothes off and stand under a nice, cool shower. Now, here's a shower right over here next to you. Just undress and step under that wonderful cold water. It's going to feel so good..."

By first establishing an environment that is satisfactory to the subject, the hypnotist can achieve anything (most of them do—you heard one of Don's stories—and you can too if you have a mind to). The girl has no taboos against undressing in privacy to take a shower. With her inner mind vulnerable to suggestion, she









and lesser degrees of skill—but beginners have obtained extraordinary results often without fully realizing what they are doing.

But to the guy who learns the art of hypnosis really and well, the sky—so should we say the gals—are the limit. Just one word of caution: Even the most clever and skilled hypnotists can get into trouble.

Consider the case of Dr. William J. Bryan, the country's most famous hypnotist.

He had a real swamping thing going for him. His rather-sweet someone blew the whistle—went something like this:

"Good day, my dear," he smiled, "won't you please have a chair? That's it, get comfortable. Now I want you to close your eyes and completely relax."

The pretty blonde did. After all, she had complete confidence in the doctor. His reputation was unimpaired in the field of hypnosis. She knew he had cured many top-Hollywood celebrities of drug addiction and alcoholism and she just knew he could cure her sexual frigidity and straighten her out.

The doctor spoke to his patient in pleasant, reassuring tones until he was sure she had succumbed to hypnosis.

"Now, my dear," he said soothingly, "you will take all your clothes off."

The woman stopped and soon stood stark naked before him. Perspiration dripped from the doctor's brow as he focused his eyes on her firm, full breasts and long, lovely legs.

At this particular moment, had another person been in the office, it would have been obvious that the doctor had more than medical matters on his mind. But there was no third person. The young woman and the doctor were all alone and she was deep in hypnosis and ready to do his bidding.

"Now then, please lie down on the couch. Remember, I am your husband and you are dying to have me make love to you. You feel more passionate than you have ever felt before in your life. You have absolutely no sexual inhibitions."

Then the doctor addressed, placed his lady patient on the couch, and proceeded. (Continued on page 54)

MODERN

# MAN

THE ADULT PICTURE MAGAZINE

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FEBRUARY  
1971

***Killer Broads!***

**SEX SECRETS of  
HYPNOTISTS**

**POT—and the  
SEXUAL MYTH**



**JAZZY  
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member...over the most skilled hypnotist in the country can get caught with his pants down—and punished.

Another thing to keep in mind is that women are just as capable hypnotists as men. And buddy, if a gal gets you under her spell, watch out!

Listen to what a bunch of mine told me recently. He said he went to a bar after work for a few drinks and was forced to sit next to the latest, ugliest woman he had ever seen. He said he had a few drinks and the next thing he remembered was waking up in a strange apartment on the same bed with this too of her. She was sleeping like a

"I couldn't have been the drunk," he protested. "The next day I reported on the next selective guy in the world and here I wake up in bed with a chick I normally wouldn't touch with a 10-foot pole!"

Well now, take care. Remember the double standard doesn't exist when it comes to hypnosis.

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*Looking for an exotic pet? In sunny climes, it's groovy to keep tarantulas. They're not as spooky as most people think, and—if you're strong and healthy—they're not even likely to kill you!*

## CREEPY CRAWLERS ARE FAIR-WEATHER FRIENDS



By E. W. Schnitzler

**EVERYONE AT SOMETIME** or another has shuddered at a movie in which the hero wakes up suddenly in the dead of night to find a decimated tarantula crawling over his bare chest. It's a scene, of course, that always puts viewers on tenterhooks as they wait breathlessly to see whether the ugly spider will bite—the assumption being that if the creepy creature sinks its fangs into the quivering epidermis of the tormented victim, it's certain for him.

Yet, some recently collected evidence indicates that the American version of the hairy, octopuslike tarantula is really no more dangerous to people than the spider who makes his way into an office or apartment building devouring all the gels into a terrible mess.

Ted Case, for example, a University of New Mexico student entomologist and psychologist, emphasizes this point by making pets of tarantulas.

"They're so ugly that they're cute," Todd's carmineous friend Debbie Darwell confesses now—although the first time she spotted his tarantula sitting she almost recoiled out of her chair in terror. Today, thoroughly convinced that the dusty beastie are all looks and no bite, she even waddles calmly as a fuzzy chucker crawls back on pipe-cleaner legs and hares its rear down her legs.

Lovely Bridgette Scott, another palsied pet of Todd's, mindfully was shrieking into the street in her elaborated bathing suit—bringing traffic to a standstill—the first time she observed a tarantula slowly making for her deeply legged as the larva stretched out in the roomy sun. Since then, constant exposure to the dilapidated of the unyielding creature has accustomed her to the fumbling sensation of their fuzzy legs carrying the oddly shaped body over areas that most men would also like to pass freely.

Like the illiterate thinks it wonders even, the world's biggest spider prefers a warm climate. That's why the habitat of its several hundred species extends from the Mississippi river through southern Colorado, and to the

Andes, then south through tropical Latin America.

Because the tarantula has such odious looks, gets around in a spooky way, and carries an unwelcome reputation, nearly everyone but a bug lover wants to kill it. Which is really most unfortunate, because the tarantula is, at heart, just a big hairless pest controller whose diet consists largely of such chaotic insects as crop-devouring beetles, hoppers, roaches, and other objectionable insects.

Ted Case was first attracted to the grassy grubber by the same fascination for badly treated that most people feel. To satisfy his curiosity, the beetle aficionado—creator of the underling-plucked one from the volcano's peak outside of Albuquerque and dubbed him Felix, Friendly Felix turned out to be the ideal pet, dispelling all the nasty tales about his species, serving as an excellent conversation piece, and not having to be walked on a leash several times a day. Consequently, Ted rushed up two more giant spiders out of a nearby arroyo and named them Reuben and Phil.

"Everything people believe about the belated fright is wrong," the youthful bugman contends with heat.

He points out that, first of all, the tarantula isn't black as most folks think. As a matter of fact, the fuzzy chucker he owns is usually more of a chestnut color like girlfriend Debbie's hair. And though the creature appears to have ten many jointed legs, being a spider it really has only eight, the extra two things being pedipalps on each side of its jaw. Of course, a movie as clearly as you'd expect anything with such a shaky and awkward look normally to move. And although fearful rumor mongers claim that the tarantula can jump nine feet in order to lure an unsuspecting pedestrian, the only time it really goes strike is when it scurries off the side of a cliff—which isn't very often, because it's they climb along like worms.

And, the hairy spider can't hear the screams, guffaws, and misbehavior its existence inspires. Nor can it see

Prodding tarantulas with roach sticks (facing page), Bridgette Scott and Debbie Darwell no longer fear Reuben and Phil, owned by New Mexico student Ted Case. In close-ups (below), Felix tolerates arena friendly toward human hand.







Demonstrating accessibility of his furry friends, Cane lets *Assuro* and *Pyl* roam at will, though Debbie and Bridgette prefer to keep respectable distance. Cane's background has rocks, sand, potted plants to make bugs feel right at home.

the fearful panic his appearance generates, since its sight can differentiate only between light and dark, and can enable to focus on anything more than half an inch away. The one keen sense it does possess is that of touch, although some entomologists think the tarantula also has a sharp sense of smell, which it uses—by nose-sogging—to sniff out a suitable mate.

The frim being greedy for food and human flesh, the tarantula makes the average camel look like a gourmand on the prowl. You see, this spider can go for two and a half years between meals, drinks only in the summer.

Again, contrary to reinforced public opinion, tarantula bugs are rarely used to nip a person. When they do, although they draw blood, the wound is usually ineffective, since most American tarantula types are not poisonous to average human beings.

Although he is a spider, the tarantula doesn't set like one. Instead of weaving a conventional web and waiting flies into its parlor, it builds silk-like tubes in the earth, where it enjoys its privacy during the day. Then, at night, it sticks every down its comfortably pad for a short stroll. In his summer and fall, however, it goes off on long, nose-sogging trips in pursuit of a mate. That's when tarantulas become haphazard and haphazard and scare the wits out of people who fear the sting of death.

Provided it is not strangled on, run over by a car, or

beaten to a pulpy piece of gore by a terrified human, the average tarantula can look forward to a long, happy life of 14 to 16 years, during which time it usually sheds its skin and consequently replaces any limbs that it may have lost along the last 365 day trip.

The ancestors of Tod's furry fellows were named after Tarzans, Kelly, where they first created goats nearly 400 years ago. There, on circumstantial evidence alone, they were convicted of spreading a disease known as tarantism—today, however, a medical jury would exonerate them.

Anyway, at that time a curious cure for mysterious illness by the many of the people took the form of manual therapy. First, the stupified victim, dressed in flowing robes, was seated in a large room. Then his physician experts, mentally conducted a fiery mystical atmosphere, in search of a host that would effect the cure. Eventually, the patient was expected to leap up, go into a feasted dance, and fall into a sound sleep of exhaustion. Upon waking he would it was assumed, appear fit as a fiddle.

When Debbie and Bridget heard about this cure, they decided to try it on Tod's goats one night with other visitors. Finding the right host, they, too, got the same results as Tarantism of old—namely, one hell of a party.

To the girls it was one of those few times in which the cure of an ailment was as pleasant that they made plans to contact the disease regularly.



10









# WITCHCRAFT-1967



# GALS GALORE ARE STANDARD EQUIPMENT

IN EVERY ISSUE OF MM



—but dig these  
april extras for  
red-blooded men!

- YOUTH ON THE RAMPAGE
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- MOTORCYCLING—SPORT OR SUICIDE? +



In the next issue of **MODERN MAN**





*Performing infamous Black Mass, modern-day disciples of Satan practice witchcraft—and there's the devil to pay.*

*By J. J. Howard*

**N**TO PERSON over the age of 12 takes notice seriously these days, least of all in the U.S., where the TV news channel and *Wanda* the sitcom bear open leader are examples of the togetherness attitude of most Americans toward the old fairy tale antagonists. But it's a different story in England, where the "double, double, toil and trouble" girls have been stirring up a lot of interest along with their potions. And they aren't confined to the desolate, smoky basins of Blackish, either. To the contrary, witchcraft is alive and well, for example, inside an old brownstone residence in east of London's wealthiest suburbs. There, while sporty little motor cars buzz and keep by, witches and a no-luck practice ancient Black Mass rituals and other rites that could keep a psychiatrist up to his elbows in metaphysics for weeks. One recent evening was typical:

A beautiful blonde, barely 21 years old, was lying spread-eagled and nude in the midst of 11 men and women who took about her in a circle. In the dim light, the only person wearing clothes was the so-called high priest, a tall man garbed in a flowing white robe. He bent low over the girl, his face nearly touching her gently rising and falling abdomen. He was muttering incantations. Then rising, he placed various movements and vessels around the girl's torso. And when he had completed these prop actions, he got down to the ceremony's main event, leaving all those present understandably spellbound. The bizarre Black Mass that followed probably would have taken place in precisely the same way in 15th Century rural England.

No isolated occurrence, this Black Sabbath is but one more modern manifestation of a modern resurgence in the ancient art of witchcraft. Incredible, in the midst of Mads and midgets, jets and TV sets, there are more than 2000 covens of witches



Holding ceremonial cup over nude body of seven-queen Wanda Riley (above left), High Priest Alex Sanders pronounces ritual incantations. Chorus of Black Mass goes on when cup is put on bare breast of queen (left), in silent tribute to the devil.

# A Report from England



Gathering in dim light, male witches, warlocks, participate in "magic circle" aspects of Black Mass, which is members of religious riots. Occult ritual disciplines practice confined in England during 19th Century.

spread throughout the country. Examples of their practices are numerous.

In Liverpool, 30-year-old Jean Hughes suffered all her life from a spinal disorder that made her a partial cripple. Yarnum helpfully produced relief, but no doctor could tell the girl that she would ever walk without a severe limp. She joined a coven of witches in Chester and, within a month, she was completely cured.

In Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a man who suffered from blackness for seven years received treatment at a special coven meeting. A few weeks later, an optician verified that his sight was perfect.

There are other startling examples of black magic. In Manchester, a 44-year-old woman named Jeanne Murray acknowledged having been a witch for years. After dedicating many of the movement's secrets in a TV series, she was found dead in her home. Both medical and police investigators were unable to ascertain the cause of death. But

they found a note containing widespread symbols and a warning that a ritual death curse had been pronounced upon her for betrayal of coven secrets.

The practice of black magic is nothing new. The first known reference dates back to 1200 B.C., when some women and officers from the Egyptian harem of Ramess III were tried for attempting to kill the Pharaoh by making magical incantations over water figures. Black magic practitioners claim they can call down the "evil spirits" various degrees of pain and suffering upon victims—even death in the case of a ritual curse pronounced by all 13 members of a coven. White magic devotees use their powers to help people overcome illness, suffering, and even personal problems—usually for a price. During the Middle Ages, women claiming to be witches used threats of black magic, combined with hoodwinking and white magic, to extort wealth from neighboring peasants. They grew in power until the religious witchcraft trials of the 17th Cen-



PHOTOGRAPH BY



*Joined in solemn matrimony (top left), witchcraft lovers Alex Sanders and Maxine Martin wear silk robes for rare wedding ceremony, whereas Black Mass rituals—including dances—are performed in shadows.*

very depleted their membership and forced the few survivors into hiding. Finally, in the sophistication of the 18th Century, the anti-witchcraft laws were repealed.

Now, more than two centuries later, some people are beginning to question the wisdom of that repeal. But the tall man in the flowing white robe bending over the terrified nude girl's body is not among their number. Alex Sanders, at 35, is "high priest" of these Manchester covens. Initiated as the sonnet of witchcraft at the age of seven, Sanders has introduced literally hundreds of youngsters into the movement. The beautiful blonde girl, aptly named Heidi Riley, was initiated into the coven by Sanders himself, three years ago. She is now queen of the coven at which these photos were taken. Sanders' wife, Maxine, whom he married at a notorious witches' ceremony last year, is now acknowledged as the queen of all English witches. Maxine's mother had bitterly opposed the growing friendship between Sanders and her daughter. She

died a week before the wedding took place. The 30 nude coven ceremony was held at the home of another witch in a room quickly converted into a witches' temple. At one end was a low, draped "altar" on which had been placed the traditional witches' instruments—daggers, whips, cow ribs, cups, and wine. The air was thick with incense burning in two brass containers. Maxine's gown was of pure silk, made by Sanders himself. He wore a hooded cloak of rich gold. Both were naked underneath.

Although their marriage is not recognized by any religion or civil law, Maxine said: "We have been married by the oldest marriage ceremony in the world."

Despite the estimated 3000 covens in England, 20th-Century witchcraft is a far more varied down version than that outlined in the Middle Ages, and it seems unlikely that groups like those of Alex Sanders will ever remain dead and buried with witchcraft lore. After all, any witch that covens in the night can't be all bad.







# KILLER BROADS

BY ROBERT BLACKBURN

POISON is still the deadly murder weapon favored by females who have been scorned sexually. Throughout history female poisoners have outnumbered males by more than two to one, with arsenic as their favorite dose. Few women who are cursed with jealousy or unrequited love have the skill needed to fire a gun, or the strength to drive home a lethal knife. Opportunity, too, has always been handy and waiting for the female, tasked traditionally as the man's winged angel tending the sick, to administer the fatal dose in the form of poison.

Often the ease with which death can be administered by poison has unbalanced the female poisoner's brain. What began, perhaps as a plan to secure money or dispose of a rival in love, develops into a mania, its focus being the locking of terrible power over life and death.

Such a woman was the notorious Maryanne de Beauvilliers, one of the most notorious female

*Man kills quickly  
out of lust or hate,  
but woman prefers a  
suffering victim*

poisoners in the history of crime.

Born Marie Madeleine d'Aubray, she lived quietly in Paris until her aristocratic parents married her off at 20 to the despotic Marquis de Mirepoix, who was twice her age.

Once in possession of her wife's large dowry, the Marquis was disgustingly uncharitable. Even worse, he told his neglected spouse bluntly: "If you feel lonely, why not take on a lover? We are sensible people. You can be sure that I won't kick up any fuss."

Marie wasn't slow to act on his suggestion. Already she was having an affair with the handsome Comte de Sainte Croix, a young officer who called on her husband occasionally. Now she gave him an open invitation, and soon the two were enjoying sex together so openly that Marie's strait-laced father was shocked. He had Sainte Croix arrested on a false charge and sent to the dreaded Bastille Prison.

Marie was furious. But while she was moving heaven and earth to free her lover and get him back inside the borders, Sainte Croix made a friend inside those grim walls who was to help them both to wreak terrible revenge.

This was Rolf, a ruthless Italian prisoner and fellow-prisoner. Formerly Sainte Croix had dabbled in chemistry as a hobby. Now, to pass the long hours in their cells, Rolf explained secret experiments to him, and described rare drugs which killed and left no trace.

When he left the Bastille, Sainte Croix seemed a changed man. He gave the impression that he had given up his habit of gambling, revels, and dissipation and had settled down to a life of devotion. His mistress and a trusted valet alone knew that under this cloak of gentle respectability there flourished one of the most efficient poisoning rings of the century.

The lovely Marie-Anne soon caught her lover's passion for knowing poisons. She sought to gain experience in poisoning people by visiting pa-



***"Should a lover displease  
her, the sexy Marquise killed  
him in bed that very night"***

her to the public hospital and offering them gifts of food and medicine and taking a lively interest in their health. Nobody could possibly suspect the charitable and sexy Marquise of anything the effects of deadly poisons on the pace of Paris.

Every symptom of her unsuspecting victims was carefully entered into a notebook, with details of age and condition plus data about the size of the doses needed to kill slowly or rapidly.

When, in spite of careful post-mortems, the hospital doctors could find no cause for the alarming increase in the death rate, the Marquise was delighted. Now she could really step up her lethal experiments—at home.

The first to go was her hated husband who had

scorned her. Next followed her two young brothers—killed for the money she inherited at their deaths.

An attempt on her sister's life failed, probably because Marie didn't do the job herself. Even so, Marie was now fabulously rich and although Sainte Croix remained her favorite lover she took others. As soon as they were worn out sexually because of her insatiable demands, she poisoned them like dogs.

With immunity from suspicion, her passion for ruthless murder increased. One lover who made a sarcastic remark about his performance in bed died that same night. Some people were killed for even more trifling reasons—perhaps because they bored the capricious beauty with bad jokes, or their sexual physique annoyed her.

But late, caught up unexpectedly with the wandering pale One day while experimenting in his private laboratory, Sainte Croix broke his protective mask and

WAVE FROM SANTA MONICA BEACHES (L-R) SCENE IN LONDON (L), ONE THREE P.M. (MIDDLE), MONTY P. 10, ONE OF THE DEAD (R), DEAD IN PRODUCTION, WORLD.

